

The Barren touched in this holy chace,  
Shake off their sterile curse.

*Ant.* I shall remember,

When *Caesar* sayes, Do this; it is perform'd.

*Caes.* Set on, and leaue no Ceremony out.

*Sooth.* *Caesar.*

*Caes.* Ha? Who calles?

*Cass.* Bid every noyse be still: peace yet againe.

*Caes.* Who is it in the presse, that calles on me?

I heare a Tongue shriller then all the Musicke

Cry, *Caesar*: Speake, *Caesar* is turn'd to heare.

*Sooth.* Beware the Ides of March.

*Caes.* What man is that?

*Br.* A Sooth-sayer bids you beware the Ides of March

*Caes.* Set him before me, let me see his face.

*Cass.* Fellow, come from the throng, look vpon *Caesar*.

*Caes.* What sayst thou to me now? Speak once againe.

*Sooth.* Beware the Ides of March.

*Caes.* He is a Dreamer, let vs leaue him: Passe.

*Sennet.* *Exeunt. Manet Brut. & Cass.*

*Cass.* Will you go see the order of the course?

*Brut.* Not I.

*Cass.* I pray you do.

*Brut.* I am not Gamesome: I do lacke some part

Of that quicke Spirit that is in *Antony*:

Let me not hinder *Cassius* your desires;

Ile leaue you.

*Cass.* *Brutus*, I do obserue you now of late:

I haue not from your eyes, that gentleness

And shew of Loue, as I was wont to haue:

You beare too stubborne, and too strange a hand

ouer your Friend, that loues you.

*Brut.* *Cassius*,

Be not deceiu'd: If I haue veyl'd my looke,

I turne the trouble of my Countenance

Merely vpon my selfe. Vexed I am

Of late, with passions of some difference,

Conceptions onely proper to my selfe,

Which giue some soyle (perhaps) to my Behaviours:

But let not therefore my good Friends be greiu'd

(Among which number *Cassius* be you one)

Nor construe any further my neglect,

Then that poore *Brutus* with himselfe at warre,

Forgets the shewes of Loue to other men.

*Cass.* Then *Brutus*, I haue much mistook your passion,

By meanes whereof, this Brest of mine hath buried

Thoughts of great value, worthy Cogitations.

Tell me good *Brutus*, Can you see your face?

*Brutus.* No *Cassius*:

For the eye sees not it selfe but by reflection,

By some other things.

*Cassius.* 'Tis iust,

And it is very much lamented *Brutus*,

That you haue no such Mirrors, as will turne

Your hidden worthinesse into your eye,

That you might see your shadow:

I haue heard,

Where many of the best respect in Rome,

(Except immortall *Caesar*) speaking of *Brutus*,

And groaning vnderneath this Ages yoke,

Haue wish'd, that Noble *Brutus* had his eyes.

*Brut.* Into what dangers, would you

Leade me *Cassius*?

That you would haue me seeke into my selfe,

For that which is not in me?

*Caes.* Therefore good *Brutus*, be prepar'd to heare:

And since you know, you cannot see your selfe

So well as by Reflection; I your Glasse,

Will modestly discouer to your selfe

That of your selfe, which you yet know not of,

And be not iealous on me, gentle *Brutus*:

Were I a common Laughter, or did vse

To stale with ordinary Oathes my loue

To euery new Protester: if you know,

That I do fawne on men, and hugge them hard,

And after scandall them: Or if you know,

That I professe my selfe in Banquetting

To all the Rout, then hold me dangerous.

*Flourish, and Shout.*

*Brut.* What meanes this Showing?

I do feare, the People choose *Caesar*

For their King.

*Cass.* I, do you feare it?

Then must I thinke you would not haue it so:

*Brut.* I would not *Cassius*, yet I loue him well.

But wherefore do you hold me heere so long?

What is it, that you would impart to me?

If it be ought toward the generall good,

Set Honor in one eye, and Death in other,

And I will looke on both indifferently:

For let the Gods so speed mee, as I loue

The name of Honor, more then I feare death.

*Cass.* I know that vertue to be in you *Brutus*,

As well as I do know your outward fauour.

Well, Honor is the subiect of my Story:

I cannot tell, what you and other men

Thinke of this life: But for my single selfe,

I had as lief not be, as liue to be:

In awe of such a Thing, as I my selfe.

I was borne free as *Caesar*, so were you;

We both haue fed as well, and we can both

Endure the Winters cold, as well as hee.

For once, vpon a Rawe and Gustie day,

The troubled Tyber, chasing with her Shores,

*Caesar* saide to me, Dar'st thou *Cassius* now

Leape in with me into this angry Flood,

And swim to yonder Point? Vpon the word,

Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,

And bad him follow: so indeede he did.

The Torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it

With lusty Sinewes, throwing it aside,

And stemming it with hearts of Controuersie.

But ere we could arriue the Point propos'd,

*Caesar* cride, Helpe me *Cassius*, or I sinke.

I (as *Antony*, our great Ancestor,

Did from the Flames of Troy, vpon his shoulder

The old *Anchises* beare) so, from the waues of Tyber

Did I the tyred *Caesar*: And this Man,

Is now become a God, and *Cassius* is

A wretched Creature, and must bend his body,

If *Caesar* carelessly but nod on him.

He had a Feauer when he was in Spaine,

And when the Fit was on him, I did marke

How he did shake: 'Tis true, this God did shake,

His Coward lippes did from their colour flye,

And that same Eye, whose bend doth aue the World,

Did loose his Lustre: I did heare him grone:

I, and that Tongue of his, that bad the Romans

Marke him, and write his Speeches in their Bookes,

Alas, it crid, Giue me some drinke *Titinius*,

As

As a sicke Gille: Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,

A man of such a feeble temper should

So get the start of the Maiesticke world,

And beare the Palme alone.

*Shout.* *Flourish.*

*Brut.* Another generall shout?

I do beleue, that these applauses are

For some new Honors, that are heap'd on *Caesar*.

*Cass.* Why man, he doth bestride the narrow world

Like a Colossus, and we petty men

Walke vnder his huge legges, and peepe about

To finde our selues dishonourable Graues.

Men at sometime, are Masters of their Fates.

The fault (deere *Brutus*) is not in our Starres,

But in our Selues, that we are vnderlings.

*Brutus* and *Caesar*: What should be in that *Caesar*?

Why should that name be sounded more then yours?

Write them together: Yours, is as faire a Name:

Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well:

Weigh them, it is as heavy: Coniure with 'em,

*Brutus* will start a Spirit as soone as *Caesar*.

Now in the names of all the Gods at once,

Vpon what meate doth this our *Caesar* feede,

That he is growne so great? Age, thou art sham'd.

Rome, thou hast lost the breed of Noble Bloods,

When went there by an Age, since the great Flood,

But it was fam'd with more then with one man?

When could they say (till now) that talk'd of Rome,

That her wide Walkes incompart but one man?

Now is it Rome indeed, and Roome enough

When there is in it but one onely man.

O! you and I, haue heard our Fathers say,

There was a *Brutus* once, that would haue brook'd

The eternall Diuill to keepe his State in Rome,

As easily as a King.

*Brut.* That you do loue me, I am nothing iealous:

What you would worke me too, I haue some ayme:

How I haue thought of this, and of these times

I shall recount heereafter. For this present,

I would not so (with loue I might intreat you)

Be any further mou'd: What you haue said,

I will consider: what you haue to say

I will with patience heare, and finde a time

Both meete to heare, and answer such high things.

Till then, my Noble Friend, chew vpon this:

*Brutus* had rather be a Villager,

Then to repute himselfe a Sonne of Rome

Vnder these hard Conditions, as this time

Is like to lay vpon vs.

*Cass.* I am glad that my weake words

Haue stricke but thus much shew of fire from *Brutus*.

*Enter Caesar and his Traine.*

*Brut.* The Games are done,

And *Caesar* is returning.

*Cass.* As they passe by,

Plucke *Caesar* by the Sleeue,

And he will (after his sowe fashion) tell you

What hath proceeded worthy note to day.

*Brut.* I will do so: but looke you *Cassius*,

The angry spot doth glow on *Caesar*'s brow,

And all the rest, looke like a chidden Traine;

*Calphurnia*'s Cheeke is pale, and *Cicero*

Lookes with such Ferret, and such fiery eyes

As we haue seene him in the Capitoll

Being crost in Conference, by some Senators.

*Cass.* *Caesar* will tell vs what the matter is.

*Caes.* *Antony.*

*Ant.* *Caesar.*

*Caes.* Let me haue men about me, that are fat,

Sleeke-headed men, and such as sleepe a-nights:

Yond *Cassius* has a leane and hungry looke,

He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

*Ant.* Feare him not *Caesar*, he's not dangerous,

He is a Noble Roman, and well giuen.

*Caes.* Would he were fatter: But I feare him not:

Yet if my name were lyable to feare,

I do not know the man I should auoyd

So soone as that spare *Cassius*. He reade much,

He is a great Obseruer, and he lookes

Quite through the Deeds of men. He loues no Playes,

As thou dost *Antony*: he heares no Musicke;

Seldome he smiles, and smiles in such a sort

As if he mock'd himselfe, and scorn'd his spirit

That could be mou'd to smile at any thing.

Such men as he, be neuer at hearts ease,

Whiles they behold a greater then themselves,

And therefore are they very dangerous.

I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,

Then what I feare: for alwayes I am *Caesar*,

Come on my right hand, for this eare is deafe,

And tell me truly, what thou thinkest of him.

*Sennet.* *Exeunt Caesar and his Traine.*

*Cass.* You pul'd me by the cloake, would you speake

with me?

*Brut.* I *Cassius*, tell vs what hath chanc'd to day

That *Caesar* lookes so sad.

*Cass.* Why you were with him, were you not?

*Brut.* I should not then aske *Cassius* what had chanc'd:

*Cass.* Why there was a Crowne offer'd him; & being

offer'd him, he put it by with the backe of his hand thus,

and then the people fell a shouting.

*Brut.* What was the second noyse for?

*Cass.* Why for that too.

*Cass.* They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

*Cass.* Why for that too.

*Brut.* Was the Crowne offer'd him thrice?

*Cass.* I marry was't, and hee put it by thrice, euerie

time gentler then other; and at euery putting by, nine

honest Neighbors showed.

*Cass.* Who offer'd him the Crowne?

*Cass.* Why *Antony*.

*Brut.* Tell vs the manner of it, gentle *Cassius*.

*Cass.* I can as well bee hang'd as tell the manner of

it: It was meere Pooderie, I did not marke it: I sawe